

*The Historie*

*Fals.* I would it were bed time, Hal, and all well.

*Prince.* Why? thou owest God a death.

*Fals.* T'is not due yet, I would be loth to pay him, before his day: what neede I be so forward with him that calls not on mee? Well, t'is no matter, honor prickes me on: yea, but how if honor prick me off when I come on? how then? can honor set to a leg? no: or an arme? no: or take away the griefe of a wound? no: honor hath no skill in surgery then? no: What is honour? a word: what is in that word? honor: what is that honour? a trim reckoning. Who hath it? he that died a Wednesday, doth he feele it? no: doth he heare it? no: t'is insensible then? yea: to the dead; but will it not liue with the liuing? no: why? detraction will not suffer it, therefore ile none of it, honor is a mere skutchion, and so ends my Catechisme.

*Exit.*

*Enter Worcester, and sir Richard Vernon.*

*Wor.* O no, my nephew must not know, sir Richard, The liberall kinde offer of the king.

*Ver.* T'were best he did.

*Wor.* Then are we all vnder one.

It is not possible: it cannot be  
The king should keepe his word in louing vs,  
He will suspect vs still, and finde a time  
To punish this offence in other faults,  
Supposition, al our lines shall be stucke full of eyes,  
For treason is but trusted like the Foxe,  
Who neuer so tame, so cherish't and lockt vp,  
Will haue a wilde trick of his ancelsters:  
Looke how we can, or sad, or merily;  
Interpretation will misquote our lookes,  
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,  
The better cherisht, still the neerer death.  
My nephewes trespasse may be well forgot,  
It hath the excuse of youth and heat of blood,  
And an adopted name of priuledge,  
A hair-braind Hotspur govern'd by a spleene:  
All his offences liue vpon my head  
And on his fathers. We did traine him on,  
And his corruption being tane from vs,

*of Henry the fourth*

We as the spring of all shall pay for a  
Therefore good coosen, let not Harry  
In any case the offer of the king.

*Ve.* Deliuier what you will, ile say t'is

*Hot.* My vnckle is return'd.

Deliuier vp my Lord of Westmerland  
Vnckle, what newes.

*Wor.* The king will bid you battel p

*Doug.* Defie him by the Lord of V

*Hot.* Lord Douglas, goe you and

*Don.* Maury and thal, and very willi

*Wor.* There is no seeming mercy

*Hot.* Did you beg any? God-forb

*Wor.* I tolde him gently of our grie  
Of his oth breaking, which he mende

By now forswearing that he is forsw

He call vs, rebels, traitors, and will (co

With haucie armes, this hatefull nam

*Don.* Arme, gentlemen, to armes

A braue defiance in king Henries te

And Westmerland that was ingag'd

Which cannot chuse but bring him d

*Wor.* The Prince of Wales stept f

And, nephew, chaleng'd you to singl

*Hot.* O, would the quarrel lay vpo

And that no man might draw short b

But I and Harry Monmouth: tell me

How shewed his talking? seemd it in

*Ver.* No; by my soule I neuer in my

Did heare a challenge vrg'd more mo

Vnlesse a brother should a brother d

To gentle exercise and prooffe of Arm

He gaue you all the duties of a man

Trim'd vp your praises with a Prince

Spoke your desertings like a Chroni

Making you euer better then his pray

By still dispraising praise valued with

And which became him like a prince

*We*